

The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

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The Treasure Trove.

VII.

FOR several days Weston remained at Prattville. And when he failed to move on the next morning he became a marked man in the eyes of the villagers. Ike Moulton, proprietor of Hotel Moulton, consulted his wife about the advisability of asking for pay in advance. Not that he cared for the loss of a few days' board, but because he wanted to make himself safe.

Mrs Moulton was the real moving spirit of that place, and a good pace the managing woman makes of it under such circumstances. She gets all the praise for the successes, while her acquiescent husband is blamed for any failure. Mrs Moulton declared in favor of her guest, even though he came without a horse and with a very limited amount of baggage.

He spent his time in cultivating the acquaintance of the fixtures among those who sat and philosophized about certain stores. There was the usual quota of these gentlemen of leisure, mostly men who were old enough to have a good excuse for doing nothing. He was considerably amused one day when a man drove up to the post-office in a two-horse buggy and inquired where he was most apt to find Si Perkins. The vacuous post-office clerk answered, "Which?"

"Where'll be the likeliest chance of finding old man Si Perkins?"

"Why, up at the Alliance Store. There's where he mostly loafs."

Weston made his peace with the keeper of the Alliance Store, and he became friendly with several of the older men. They discussed everything, ranging from the grave political questions agitating the nation down to the latest scandal concerning the young attorney who broke into the hotel kitchen.

One day a powerfully built man came into the store. He was simply clad in a red shirt open at the throat, jeans breeches and top-boots. A large slouch hat fell over his face. He carried a repeating rifle and his body was encircled with a belt which was ornamented with loaded cartridges. Weston noticed that he did not set his gun down behind the door, as was customary with men who came to town thus encumbered. He kept his rifle in hand as he made his purchases. He cast several suspicious looks at Weston and soon left the store. He called old man Perkins, the philosopher, with whom Weston had grown well acquainted, to come out and speak with him. In a few minutes the old man came back with a pronounced odor of corn whiskey about him, and invited Weston to come out for a walk. They strolled away together down by a beautiful clear stream, and when they had got to a sufficiently retired spot the old man took out a pint bottle of corn whiskey, as clear as water. It was the young man's first sight of the white corn whiskey of the moonshiner.

Evidently much to the relief of his companion, he refused to destroy any of the "pizen," the name in which it was tendered. Perkins was not one bit hurt by his refusal to help him in the delightful task of using the liquid.

"Nicest man ever I seed," he said, and turning up the bottle swallowed a goodly portion of the fiery stuff, having first delivered a standard toast:

"Here's to you and tow'd you, If I hadn't a seen you, I wouldn't a know'd you."

Having satisfied himself of the depth of his potation by a long and critical look at the distance the liquor had sunk in the bottle, he turned to his companion and in a mysterious whisper said:

"Did you see that feller in the store with the god?"

"Yes."

"Well, for know who he might

killed the Deputy Marshall up in Hickory Tree Swamp last fall. He wanted to know if you was the feller who were loafin' around Moulton's, and I told him you were, and said that you were a friend o' mine from Tuckahoe. He said he appointed himself as a committee of one to come down to tell you to git to h—l out of this; but if I said so he guessed he were mistaken. He gin me this here pocket stove and says that in case you might happen to be kernecked with the intarrenal venoo, that it would be friendly on my part to give you the wink in time to git out without being hurt. Now you can jest chaw that over, and if you air on the lookout for any such cattle you had better conclude you haven't lost any in these woods and not see any thing which might cause any unpleasant feelings 'tween you two."

Weston lost no time in assuring his old friend that he fully realized the Government was able to take care of its own affairs and that he was not looking for any moonshiners or other malefactors. He said too that he considered the mountaineer who made his run of brandy robbed the government of something they would never have had but for his enterprise, and that there was very little damage done in this line compared to the many millions stolen from the public treasury by the officials whose rule of conduct was to make two dollars do the work of one.

Old Perkins looked immensely relieved. He related how this Jessup had got into trouble.

"His daddy and granddaddy before him had stilled and Dave were raised up to the business. Last year the Deputy Marshall located their still in Hickory Tree Swamp and four of them went there to break it up. Jest as one of them tuk to tearin' down the kiln to git at the still, he got it in the back from a forty-four Winchester. They left in a hurry, and that night Dave or some of them toted the still off. Jim Will Pemberton, him with the crippled leg, told who fired the shot, and they ketch'd Dave endurin' the holidays, jest a few days 'fore he were to be married. They tuk him to Clarksville and he got outer jail, and they never have been able ter git on the blind side of him since then. The Government offers a thousand dollars fer him dead or alive."

A few days after this Weston went for a walk in the woods and took a path into a hilly country. The leaves were just about done putting out. He had walked aimlessly for an hour or so and started, as he thought, to retrace his steps. For more than two hours he walked, and he wondered if he was far from the village. Shortly after he had set out on his return he came upon a most unusual sight—a dead crow. It seemed to have been choked on something like a nut. In about half an hour he found another which had met its death the same way, and in an hour or so he found a third. He wondered on the strange fatality which seemed to affect the crows, and how glad the farmer should be that this pestiferous bird was meeting with its deserts at last. He laid the bird in the forks of a dogwood, and in a short time he came back to the place, and realized that it was the same crow, each time, and that he had been traveling in circles.

It was past midday, and he did not know how many miles he might be from his destination. He chose the only course known to men lost in the woods and followed the first running water he came too. He found it weary work forcing his way through the tangled undergrowth which lined the stream. He persevered and came in sight of a rude log hut. This, no doubt, was some settler's abode. He noticed even from a distance that a number of boxes and barrels surrounded what he took to be a bake oven. When quite near he attracted the attention of a large dog. He thought it best to call as

"Hello!"

"Hello, yourself!" replied some one fiercely.

"Who lives here?"

"Nobody, — you; and you wont very long!"

"Where are you?"

"Here!" and the barrel of a gun was poked out a foot or two from between the logs of the house. Weston was thoroughly terrorized.

"Hold up your hands!" was the next order, and the hands went up. The gun never wavered and a man stepped quickly out of the shanty and approached Weston, searched him, took away a pistol which he had been foolish enough to carry, and tied his hands behind his back.

He remembered old Perkins' tale when Dave Jessup stepped from the cabin. He had fallen in to the hands of illicit distillers or moonshiners as they are invariably called. He noted the implements of their trade. The large copper boiler and the long sinuous spout called the "worm" and saw the receptacles containing the fermenting "mash."

Four men grouped themselves about him and evidently did not know what to do with him now that they had secured him.

Quickly recovering he protested his entire innocence of any idea of upholding the laws of the United States, and insisted that he was lost in the woods. He referred to Perkins as being able to vouch for him, which was the only semblance of proof as to his identity which could be furnished. It was a white lie, but in a minute he thought it would be fatal to him.

The oldest man, who seemed to be in authority, was evidently impressed with his account of himself.

"Tell Perkins to come out here," he said, and to Weston's horror old man Perkins stepped out in the open air from the hut, looking very much concerned.

"Si, do you know this youngster?"

"Know him, Bill! Of course its Sam Weston, from Louisa Court-house. Only son of Widow Weston who lives on the other side of the tan-yard."

Weston breathed easier as the accomplished old liar reeled forth this and other bits of his family history.

The moonshiners extracted a promise that he would not tell of the establishment. The one called Bill told him tersely to "Forget all about it." They then tied his own handkerchief over his eyes and led him blindfolded for a long distance. His pistol was given back to him and his hands untied. He heard old Si tell him to take the rag from his eyes, and he looked around to find himself alone with the old man, and down in the valley he saw the houses of Prattville, with long shadows of evening reaching out to cover them. The two walked into town together with their friendship most thoroughly cemented.

As they approached the town they stopped at a little spring by the roadside. Here old Si pulled out his bottle. He offered it to Weston in a perfunctory way and held it in his hand, while Weston thanked him earnestly for his readiness in identifying him.

The old man held up the bottle and replied with a wink:

"Here's to you and tow'd you, If I hadn't a seen you, I wouldn't a know'd you."

Weston has a pint flask with a cork stopper of that same white whiskey for which he gave old Si a ten dollar bill, and which he keeps as a memento of his adventure with those who distilled without a license therefor.

(To be Continued.)

Landlords and tradelords and law-lords, The specters you conjured up have arisen. Strikers, rent rebels, revolters, behold They are the fruits of the seeds ye have sown. Ye have sown the dragon's teeth;

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

By W. T. P.

RALPH WANLESS, a pioneer blacksmith, and progenitor of the Pocahontas branches of the Wanless relationship, was a native of England. It is believed that Ralph and his brother Stephen Wanless lived awhile in the lower Valley of Virginia on the Fairfax lands. About 1790 Ralph Wanless settled in The Hills, near Mount Tabor. Stephen located in Bath County, Va. Some of his descendants now live near Clover Dale.

Ralph's wife was Lucretia Nicholas, sister of William Nicholas who was living on Douthard's Creek, and an aunt of the late Thomas Nicholas, of the Indian Draft, near Edray, who was a son of William Nicholas. They were the parents of seven sons and five daughters. The following particulars are given respecting their family.

Anna Wanless became Mrs Reuben Matheny, and lived near Valley Centre in Highland County.

Mary (Dolly) became Mrs Alexander Campbell, and lived near Meadow Dale in Highland. Her daughter Laura was a very attractive and accomplished young lady whose early death was widely lamented.

Margaret Wanless was married to James Sharp, and lived on Thorny Creek.

Elizabeth Wanless became Mrs Thomas Hadden, and after living some years on the Greenbrier near the mouth of Deer Creek, went to Ohio.

Lydia Wanless was married to J. McGuire and settled in Ohio.

The sons of Ralph Wanless the pioneer were William, James, Levin, Ralph, Stephen, John, and Thomas.

William Wanless married Nancy Wilson, from Fort Defiance, Augusta County. Her widowed mother, Nancy Wilson, died on Knapp's Creek early in the century. Particulars in reference to William's family were given in a former sketch.

James Wanless was a local minister and a prominent citizen. In a former paper he was specially mentioned.

Ralph Wanless, junior, first married Anna Poage, daughter of G. W. Poage, of The Levels. After living in Huntersville several years as the village blacksmith he located on the homestead at Mt. Tabor. Their children were George Poage, Hopkins, Milum, Samuel, and Margaret. George P. Wanless was a Methodist minister of prominence. Hopkins Wanless married Amelia Dille, relict of the late George Dille, and lives on the homestead. Milum Wanless, recently deceased, first married Catherine McCarty and lived at the homestead. Second marriage with Laura Gam, of Highland.

Ralph Wanless, junior, had for his second wife Sally Arbogast, daughter of Benjamin Arbogast, senior, near Glade Hill.

Levin Wanless married Nancy Dille, daughter of Henry Dille, the pioneer; lived some years near Dille's Mill, then went to Ohio. Concerning his numerous progeny no particulars in hand.

Stephen Wanless married Mary Pauline Sharp, and lived on Back Creek near the Irvine Brick House. While trying to shoe a refractory horse belonging to Squire John Hamilton, about fifty-six years ago, he was killed. His sons were John F., William, and James. Rev James Wanless became their foster father.

John Wanless married Elizabeth Bridger, and settled in Lewis County, West Virginia. Mrs Wanless was noted for her skill in nursing the sick and her services were in demand far and near. She was a relative of the Bridger brothers killed at the Aldridge pass in 1784 by the Indians. Frequent mention has been made of this mournful and tragic occurrence in

Rattlesnakes, Butterflies, and ...?

Washington Irving said, he supposed a certain hill was called "Rattlesnake Hill" because it abounded in—butterflies. The "rule of contrary" governs other names. Some bottles are, supposedly, labeled "Sarsaparilla" because they are full of... well, we don't know what they are full of, but we know it's not sarsaparilla; except, perhaps, enough for a flavor. There's only one make of sarsaparilla that can be relied on to be all it claims. It's Ayer's. It has no secret to keep. Its formula is open to all physicians. This formula was examined by the Medical Committee at the World's Fair with the result that while every other make of sarsaparilla was excluded from the Fair, Ayer's Sarsaparilla was admitted and honored by awards. It was admitted because it was the best sarsaparilla. It received the medal as the best. No other sarsaparilla has been so tested or so honored. Good motto for the family as well as the Fair: Admit the best, exclude the rest.

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ing attentions were to our people when regular physicians were so far away. Sick people had so much confidence in her that they seemed to think there was no danger of dying if Elizabeth Bridger could be had in time.

Thomas Wanless married Julia Bucher and settled in Ohio.

For about one hundred years this name has been familiar and identified with the progress of our people. For the most part, the Wanless influence has been on the side of morality, industry, and mental improvement.

The cheerful assistance of J. F. Wanless, Esq., and Mrs Rachel Logan hereby remembered.

Most all of the Wanless brothers were industrious and skillful workers in iron, acquired from their father, who seems to have been a genius in that line of industry, so useful to the people in pioneer and later times. When Ralph Wanless and his sons wrought at the anvil and caused the primitive forests to ring with their strong and resonant striking of hammers and sledges, their business was of essential importance. In their times most of the implements used in clearing lands, cultivating the ground, and building houses were made at home. In the pioneer shops, and for years subsequently, were forged axes, hoes, shovel plows, bull-tongues, colters, brush-hooks, seng hoes, mattocks, broad axes, frows, grubbing hoes, pot hooks and hangers, kettle-bales, log-chains, double trees, single trees, door hinges and latches, and other articles rather tedious to mention, and still more tedious to make.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, Onward through life he goes; Each morning sees some task begun, Each evening sees it close,— Something attempted, something done.

Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend, For the lesson thou hast taught; Thus at the flaming forge of life Our fortunes must be wrought; Thus on the sounding anvil shaped Each burning deed and thought.—The Village Blacksmith.

Kissed Him With a Hoe.

Sam Hanks and Lewis Gray were engaged to do some plastering at the residence of Mr Richardson, over in Reid's addition. Gray arrived at the scene of work first last Friday afternoon. When Hanks came and began to mix up his mortar to begin work the trouble commenced. This is the way Hanks told Justice Chesney about it yesterday:

"I was standin' dar hoein' de mortah, an' was a gittin' ready ter go ter wuk, jus like I oughter. Den fuat thing I knows I sees dat great big 200-poun' feller stand da de house, a shakin' his fis' at me. 'I dah yo' ter come heah,' he says. 'Go long,' says I. 'I don't want no trubble wid yo.' 'I dah yo' to come up heah. I'll spank dose ole pants off yo.' 'Shet up,' says I. 'I haint had dese pants spanked fo' thuty-five years and yo' can't do it now.' 'Den he done give a jump, an' he come aruoning down at me. Say Jedge, yo' tink I was gwine to let dat cuss Maul me? Nay, sah. I jes' got ready, an' when he come down I kissed him wid de hoe—right heah'—and Sam laid his cal-

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Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of his visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
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Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

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